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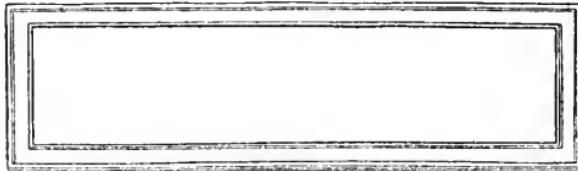
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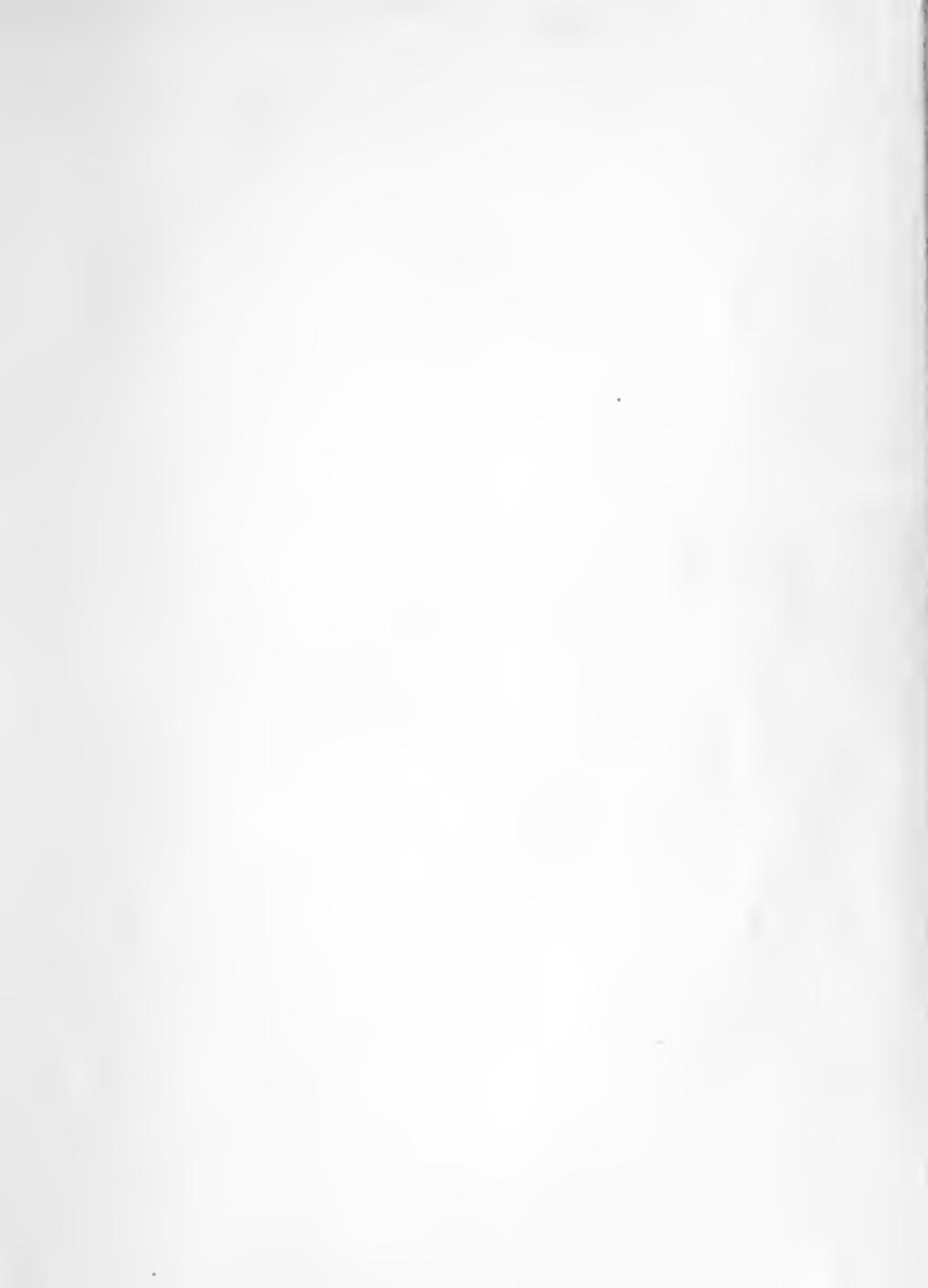
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EDWARD EVERETT.

THE SIXTEEN PERFECTIVE LAWS OF ART APPLIED TO ORATORY.

BY
CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON,
FOUNDER EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

1892



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INTRODUCTION.

THE SIXTEEN PERFECTIVE LAWS OF ART.

THIS work is arranged for the purpose of perfecting in oratorical study those who have mastered, both philosophically and practically, the Evolution of Expression, which is now before the public.

Like the Evolution of Expression this work is divided into four volumes, and each volume into four chapters. Each chapter illustrates a progressive step in the evolution of the Perfective Laws, to which is prefixed a key which explains the application of the law to oratory, and the method of teaching it. As in the previous work the study is taken up in the logical order of mental evolution in oratory.

The selections in these volumes have been chosen First, FOR THEIR LITERARY MERIT.

Secondly, BECAUSE THEY ILLUSTRATE THE PERFECTIVE LAWS OF ART APPLIED TO ORATORY.

Thirdly, BECAUSE THEY APPEAL DIRECTLY TO THE ORATORICAL POWERS OF THE MIND.

1st. No person can develop his oratorical powers while using any but the noblest models of style. It is a great mistake to practise on poor literature or upon defective language. Those who are studying oratory or expressive reading cannot be too careful in this respect. After a cultivated and classical habit has been established, the student can accommodate his talents to low comedy and selections containing amusing dialects without harm: but if he does this before he is thoroughly educated in oratory he will dwarf his powers to the extent of unfitting himself to become an orator or to give high dramatic expression.

The great comedians developed their powers for expressing that form of literature which is designed to entertain and amuse, by the severest study and practice of classical styles.

2d. While all of the best forms of literature fulfil the sixteen laws named in this work, each selection emphasizes one law more than it does others. An author in one part of his discourse is likely to emphasize one law most, and in some other part, another. In such cases the discourse has been divided, and the different parts put under the chapters which they respectively illustrate.

3d. The oratorical element is very strong in all these selections, so strong, indeed, that it arouses the spirit of eloquence in the student as martial music awakens the military spirit in the listener. Great orators inspire the latent oratorical forces in those who

listen to them, so that in a certain sense oratory may be said to be contagious. The literary production that sprang from the oratorical faculties of one will appeal directly to the oratorical powers of others, just the same as a good musical composition will quicken the musical feeling in the musician.

The final perfecting of the orator and expressive reciter or reader comes from moulding his powers in accordance with these laws.

The work in Evolution of Expression would ultimately develop all the powers required by these Sixteen Perfective Laws; but experience has taught us that after the student has worked with the *laws of evolution* until he seems to be able to meet, to a reasonable degree, their requirements, he will make more rapid progress by working directly with the *perfective laws*. Among other good results, they at once point out to the student those *laws of evolution* in which he is most deficient. This inspires him with a readiness to work again upon those *steps of evolution* which he would otherwise forever neglect.

He soon discovers for himself that it is impossible to work successfully in the Perfective Laws until he has reached certain criteria in the Evolution of Expression.

In these four volumes the *sixteen perfective laws of art* are adapted to the study of oratory, but they are equally applicable to all forms of art because they are universal laws. These laws first of all define what

art is; secondly, when used as criteria determine the rank or value of each work of art; thirdly, they furnish the ideal which the student of art should aim to realize in his work.

It will be observed that in paragraphing the selections we have not always followed rhetorical usage. This unusual division is for the purpose of greater convenience in drill work.

The *keys* to the various chapters are not as elaborate as they might be, because they are more valuable in the suggestive than they would be in the didactic form.

1 Criteria to determine rank or value of each work of art
2 Ideal to be realized in each work of art

didactic

KEY TO CHAPTER FIRST.

PURITY.

EVERY expression is required to be so clear and so adequate to the thought that the audience shall think along the line of the discourse, in advance of the speaker's words.

Purity of expression rests primarily upon vigor of thought. A person may fully understand the author, he may experience the emotions that respond to the thought, and still lack the mental vigor necessary to purity of expression. The emotion may obscure the purity. This is a common fault. It is not because the person is possessed of too emotional a nature, nor because the mind does not act quickly and comprehensively. It is possible for the intellect to grasp the thought readily and clearly, and the feelings to respond properly, and yet the expression lack purity, because the entire manifestation is devoted to expressing the *feeling* caused by the thought. The consequence is that while the audience recognize the feelings of the speaker, they fail to perceive the thought that causes the emotion, and therefore do not sympathize with the speaker, and are burdened, if not disgusted by his emotion.

There may be great promise in such a speaker, but at present he possesses little power as an orator. The emotion must seem to make the thought that caused it stronger and more brilliant, or it is offensive. The more emotion the better, provided it takes definite and intelligible forms of expression ; otherwise the less the better.

A person may think clearly the thought of the author, and while speaking experience, and that deeply too, all the emotions naturally attendant upon such thought, and yet not only fail of being a good speaker but prove to be a positively bad one.

Still, on the other hand, what does not spontaneously flow from the activities of intellect, feeling, and imagination of the speaker, while he is speaking, is not well expressed.

No amount of preparation can be successfully substituted for present mental and emotional activity. Previous preparation, if correct, produces greater present activity.

All this activity, however, must take definite form in the many uses of the voice, and in the gestures, so that nothing meaningless or with incorrect meaning, will appear in them. In a word, all psychological movements must take definite and communicating forms or the expression will prove ineffective. As Demosthenes said, "Oratory is action, action, action," but it is action in intelligible forms.

On the Edges

words & steps in the
same theme. - Oratory is always
action, action, action.
But action in form
is the inward
life of action.
No. 1. Being, call
existing even

CHAPTER



PURITY.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. — ST. MATTHEW V.

THE STUDY OF ELOQUENCE.

1. ONE thing there will certainly be, which those who speak well will exhibit as their own; a graceful and elegant style, distinguished by a peculiar artifice and polish. But this kind of diction, if there be not matter beneath it clear and intelligible to the speaker, must either amount to nothing, or be received with ridicule by all who hear it.

2. For what savors so much of madness, as the empty sound of words, even the choicest and most elegant, when there is no sense or knowledge contained in them? Whatever be the subject of a speech, therefore, in whatever art or branch of science, the orator, if he has made himself master of it, as of his client's cause, will speak on it better and more elegantly than even the very originator and author of it can.

3. If, indeed, any one shall say that there are certain trains of thought and reasoning properly belonging to orators, and a knowledge of certain things circumscribed within the limits of the forum, I will confess that our common speech is employed about these matters chiefly; but yet there are many things, in these very topics, which those masters of rhetoric, as they are called, neither teach nor understand.

4. For who is ignorant that the highest power of an orator consists in exciting the minds of men to anger, or to hatred, or to grief, or in recalling them from these more violent emotions to gentleness and compassion, which power will never be able to effect its object by eloquence, unless in him who has obtained a thorough insight into the nature of mankind, and all the passions of humanity, and those causes by which our minds are either impelled or restrained.

5. But all these are thought to belong to the philosophers, nor will the orator, at least with my consent, ever deny that such is the case; but when he has conceded to them the knowledge of things, since they are willing to exhaust their labors on that alone, he will assume to himself the treatment of oratory, which without that knowledge is nothing. For the proper concern of an orator, as I have already often said, is language of power and elegance accommodated to the feelings and understandings of mankind.

6. Nor does anything seem to me more noble than to be able to fix the attention of assemblies of men

by speaking, to fascinate their minds, to direct their passions to whatever object the orator pleases, and to dissuade them from whatever he desires. This particular art has constantly flourished above all others in every free state, and especially in those which have enjoyed peace and tranquillity, and has ever exercised great power.

7. For what is so admirable as that, out of an infinite multitude of men, there should arise a single individual who can alone, or with only a few others, exert effectually that power which nature has granted to all? Or what is so pleasant to be heard and understood as an oration adorned and polished with wise thoughts and weighty expressions?

8. Or what is so striking, so astonishing, as that the tumults of the people, the religious feelings of judges, the gravity of the senate, should be swayed by the speech of one man? Or what, moreover, is so kingly, so liberal, so munificent, as to give assistance to the suppliant, to raise the afflicted, to bestow security, to deliver from danger, to maintain men in the rights of citizenship?

9. What, also, is so necessary as to keep arms always ready, with which you may either be protected yourself, or defy the malicious, or avenge yourself when provoked? Or consider (that you may not always contemplate the forum, the benches, the rostra, and the senate) what can be more delightful in leisure, or more suited to social intercourse, than elegant con-

versation, betraying no want of intelligence on any subject?

10. For it is by this one gift that we are most distinguished from brute animals, that we converse together, and can express our thoughts by speech. Who, therefore, would not justly make this an object of admiration, and think it worthy of his utmost exertions, to surpass mankind themselves in that single excellence by which they claim their superiority over brutes? But, that we may notice the most important point of all, what other power could either have assembled mankind, when dispersed, into one place, or have brought them from wild and savage life to the present humane and civilized state of society; or, when cities were established, have described for them laws, judicial institutions, and rights?

11. And that I may not mention more examples, which are almost without number, I will conclude the subject in one short sentence; for I consider, that by the judgment and wisdom of the perfect orator, not only his own honor, but that of many other individuals, and the welfare of the whole state, are principally upheld. Go on, therefore, as you are doing, young men, and apply earnestly to the study in which you are engaged, that you may be an honor to yourselves, an advantage to your friends, and a benefit to the Republic.

CICERO.

HONOR TO AMERICAN PATRIOTS.

1. THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. ^{etc} I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride ^{of} her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all; the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions, Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country.

^{etc} 2. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which

is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

3. When I shall be found, Sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

4. Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exists, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

5. Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is: behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, Sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit.

6. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure; it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

CHARLES SUMNER.

1. THERE was in Charles Sumner, as a public man, a peculiar power of fascination. It acted much through his eloquence, but not through his eloquence alone. There was still another source from which that fascination sprang. Behind all he said and did there stood a grand manhood, which never failed to make itself felt. What a figure he was, with his tall and stalwart frame, his manly face, topped with his shaggy locks, his noble bearing, the finest type of American senatorship, the tallest oak of the forest!

2. And how small they appear by his side, the common run of politicians, who spend their days with the laying of pipe, and the setting up of pins, and the pulling of wires; who barter an office to secure this vote, and procure a contract to get that; who stand always with their ears to the wind to hear how the Administration sneezes, and what their constituents whisper, in mortal trepidation lest they fail in being all things to everybody!

3. How he stood among them! he whose very presence made you forget the vulgarities of political life, who dared to differ with any man ever so powerful, any multitude ever so numerous; who regarded party as nothing but a means for higher ends, and for those ends defied its power; to whom the arts of demagogism were so contemptible that he would rather



have sunk into obscurity and oblivion than descend to them; to whom the dignity of his office was so sacred that he would not even ask for it for fear of darkening its lustre!

4. Honor to the people of Massachusetts, who, for twenty-three years, kept in the Senate, and would have kept him there longer, had he lived, a man who never, even to them, conceded a single iota of his convictions in order to remain there.

5. And what a life was his! a life so wholly devoted to what was good and noble! There he stood in the midst of the grasping materialism of our times, around him the eager chase for the almighty dollar, no thought of opportunity ever entering the smallest corner of his mind, and disturbing his high endeavors; with a virtue which the possession of power could not even tempt, much less debauch; from whose presence the very thought of corruption instinctively shrank back; a life so unspotted, an integrity so intact, a character so high, that the most daring eagerness of calumny, the most wanton audacity of insinuation, standing on tip-toe, could not touch the soles of his shoes.

6. They say that he indulged in overweening self-appreciation. Ay, he did have a magnificent pride, a lofty self-esteem. Why should he not? Let wretches despise themselves, for they have good reason to do so; not he. But in his self-esteem there was nothing small and mean; no man lived to whose very nature envy and petty jealousy were more foreign. His pride

of self was like his pride of country. He was the proudest American; he was the proudest New Englander; and yet he was the most cosmopolitan American we have ever seen.

7. He is at rest now, the stalwart, brave old champion, whose face and bearing were so austere, and whose heart was so full of tenderness; who began his career with a pathetic plea for universal peace and charity, and whose whole life was an arduous, incessant, never-resting struggle, which left him all covered with scars. And we can do nothing for him but remember his lofty ideals of liberty, and equality, and justice, and reconciliation, and purity, and the earnestness, and courage, and touching fidelity with which he fought for them—so genuine in his sincerity, so single-minded in his zeal, so heroic in his devotion.

8. People of Massachusetts! He was the son of your soil, in which he now sleeps; but he is not all your own. He belongs to all of us in the North and in the South. Over the grave of him whom so many thought to be their enemy, and found to be their friend, let the hands be clasped which so bitterly warred against each other. Let the youth of America be taught, by the story of his life, that not only genius, power, and success, but more than these, patriotic devotion and virtue, make the greatness of the citizen.

9. If this lesson be understood, more than Charles Sumner's living word could have done for the glory

of America, will be done by the inspiration of his great example. And it will truly be said, that although his body lies mouldering in the earth, yet in the assured rights of all, in the brotherhood of a reunited people, and in a purified Republic, he still lives, and will live forever.

CARL SCHURZ.

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS' ORATION OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.

I.

WOULD you know why I have summoned you together? Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger, Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse! See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death! She was the mark and model of the time, The mould in which each female face was formed, The very shrine and sacristy of virtue! Fairer than-ever was a form created By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild, And never-resting thought is all on fire! The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph Who met old Numa in his hallowed walks, And whispered in his ear her strains divine, Can I conceive beyond her; — the young choir Of vestal virgins bent to her.

II.

'Tis wonderful
 Amid the darnel, hemlock and the base weeds,
 Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
 Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose —
 How from the shade of those ill-neighboring plants
 Her father sheltered her, that not a leaf
 Was blighted, but, arrayed in purest grace,
 She bloomed unsullied beauty.

III.

Such perfections
 Might have called back the torpid breast of age
 To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind
 Might have abashed the boldest libertine
 And turned desire to reverential love
 And holiest affection !

IV.

O my countrymen !
 You all can witness when that she went forth
 It was a holiday in Rome ; old age
 Forgot its crutch, labor its task — all ran,
 And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried
 “There, there’s Lucretia !” Now look ye where she lies !
 That beauteous flower, that innocent, sweet rose,
 Torn up by ruthless violence — gone ! gone ! gone !

V.

Say, would you seek instruction ! would ye ask
 What ye should do ? Ask ye yon conscious walls

Which saw his poisoned brother —
 Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
 O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry, revenge !
 Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
 With human blood, and it will cry, revenge !

VI.

Go to the tomb where lies his murdered wife,
 And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,
 Their unappeasèd ghosts will shriek, revenge !
 The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
 The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,
 And swell the general sound, revenge ! revenge !

VII.

And we will be revenged, my countrymen,
 Brutus shall lead you on ; Brutus, a name
 Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him
 Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.
 Brutus, your king ! — No, fellow-citizens !
 If mad ambition in this guilty frame
 Had strung one kingly fibre, yea, but one —
 By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
 Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.

VIII.

Now take the body up. Bear it before us
 To Tarquin's palace ; there we'll light our torches,
 And in the blazing conflagration rear
 A pile, for these chaste relics, that shall send
 Her soul amongst the stars. On ! Brutus leads you !

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

LITERARY ATTRACTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

1. GOD made the present earth as the home of man ; but had He meant it as a mere lodging, a world less beautiful would have served the purpose. There was no need for the carpet of verdure, or the ceiling of blue ; no need for the mountains, and cataracts, and forests ; no need for the rainbow, no need for the flowers. A big, round island, half of it arable, and half of it pasture, with a clump of trees in one corner, and a magazine of fuel in another, might have held and fed ten millions of people ; and a hundred islands, all made in the same pattern, big and round, might have held and fed the population of the globe.

2. But man is something more than the animal which wants lodging and food. He has a spiritual nature, full of keen perceptions and deep sympathies. He has an eye for the sublime and the beautiful, and his kind Creator has provided man's abode with affluent materials for the nobler tastes. He has built Mont Blanc, and molten the lake in which its image sleeps. He has intoned Niagara's thunder, and has breathed the zephyr which sweeps its spray. He has shagged the steep with its cedars, and besprent the meadow with its king-cups and daisies. He has made it a world of fragrance and music, — a world of brightness and symmetry, — a world where the grand and the

graceful, the awful and lovely, rejoice together. In fashioning the Home of Man, the Creator had an eye to something more than convenience, and built, not a barrack, but a palace,— not a Union-work-house, but an Alhambra ; something which should not only be very comfortable, but very splendid and very fair ; something which should inspire the soul of its inhabitant, and even draw forth the “ very good ” of complacent Deity.

3. God also made the Bible as the guide and oracle of man ; but had He meant it as a mere lesson-book of duty, a volume less various and less attractive would have answered every end. But in giving that Bible, its divine Author had regard to the mind of man. He knew that man has more curiosity than piety, more taste than sanctity ; and that more persons are anxious to hear some new, or read some beauteous thing, than to read or hear about God and the great salvation. He knew that few would ever ask, What must I do to be saved ? till they came in contact with the Bible itself ; and, therefore, He made the Bible not only an instructive book, but an attractive one,— not only true, but enticing. He filled it with marvellous incident and engaging history ; with sunny pictures from Old-World scenery, and affecting anecdotes from the patriarch times. He replenished it with stately argument and thrilling verse, and sprinkled it over with sententious wisdom and proverbial pungency. He made it a book of lofty thoughts and noble images,—

a book of heavenly doctrine, but withal of earthly adaptation. In preparing a guide to immortality, Infinite Wisdom gave, not a dictionary, nor a grammar, but a Bible — a book which, in trying to reach the heart of man, should captivate his taste ; and which, in transforming his affections, should also expand his intellect. The pearl is of great price ; but even the casket is of exquisite beauty. The sword is of ethereal temper, and nothing cuts so keen as its double edge ; but there are jewels on the hilt, an exquisite inlaying on the scabbard. The shekels are of the purest ore ; but even the scrip which contains them is of a texture more curious than any which the artists of earth can fashion. The apples are gold ; but even the basket is silver.

4. The Bible contains no ornamental passages, nothing written for mere display ; its steadfast purpose is, “ Glory to God in the highest,” and the truest blessedness of man ; it abounds in passages of the purest beauty and stateliest grandeur, all the grander and all the more beautiful because they are casual and unsought. The fire which flashes from the iron hoof of the tartar steed as he scours the midnight path is grander than the artificial firework ; for it is the casual effect of speed and power. The clang of ocean as he booms his billows on the rock, and the echoing caves give chorus, is more soul-filling and sublime than all the music of the orchestra, for it is the music of that main so mighty that there is a grandeur in all it does,—

in its sleep a melody, and in its march a stately psalm. And in the bow which paints the melting cloud there is a beauty which the stained glass or gorgeous drapery emulates in vain ; for it is the glory which gilds beneficence, the brightness which bespeaks a double boon, the flush which cannot but come forth when both the sun and shower are there. The style of Scripture has all this glory. It has the gracefulness of a high utility ; it has the majesty of intrinsic power ; it has the charm of its own sanctity : it never labors, never strives, but, instinct with great realities and bent on blessed ends, it has all the translucent beauty and unstudied power which you might expect from its lofty object and all-wise Author.

DR. HAMILTON.

MUSIC IN NATURE.

1. A MODERN English writer says, “There is no music in Nature, neither melody nor harmony.” “No music in Nature” ! The very mice sing ; the toads, too ; and the frogs make “music on the waters.” The summer grass about our feet is alive with little musicians. Even inanimate things have their music. Listen to the water dropping from a faucet into a bucket partially filled.

2. I have been delighted with the music of a door as

it swung lazily on its hinges, giving out charming tones resembling those of a bugle in the distance, forming pleasing melodic strains, interwoven with graceful slides and artistic touches worthy of study and imitation. Awakened by the fierce wind of a winter night, I have heard a common clothes-rack whirl out a wild melody in the purest intervals.

3. "No music in Nature"! Surely the elements have never kept silence since this ball was set swinging through infinite space in tune with the music of the spheres. Their voices were ever sounding in combative strains, through fire and flood, from the equator to the poles, innumerable ages before the monsters of the sea and earth added their bellowings to the chorus of the universe.

4. From the hugest beast down to the smallest insect, each creature with its own peculiar power of sound, we come, in their proper place, upon the birds, not in their present dress of dazzling beauty, and singing their matchless songs, but with immense and uncouth bodies perched on two long, striding legs, with voices to match those of many waters and the roar of the tempest.

5. We know that in those monstrous forms were hidden the springs of sweet song and the germs of beautiful plumage; but who can form any idea of the slow processes,—of the long, long periods of time that Nature has taken in progressive work from the first rude effort up to the present perfection? So far as

the song is concerned, the hoarse thunderings of the elements, the bellowings of the monsters of both land and water, the voices of things animate and inanimate, — all must be forced, age on age, through her grand music crucible, and the precious essence given to the birds.

6. Though the birds expressed themselves vocally ages before there were human ears to hear them, it is hardly to be supposed that their early singing bore much resemblance to the bird music of to-day. It is not at all likely that on some fine morning, too far back for reckoning, the world was suddenly and for the first time, flooded with innumerable bird songs, and that ever since, birds have sung as they then sang, and as they sing now.

7. There were no reporters to tell us when the birds began to sing, but the general history of human events chronicles the interest with which birds and bird singing have been regarded by the nations of the past, leaving us to infer that when men and birds became acquainted, the birds were already singing.

8. It would seem, then, that our bird music is a thing of growth, and of very slow growth. The tall walkers and squawkers having gradually acquired the material machinery for song, and the spirit of song being pent up within them, they were ultimately compelled to make music, to sing.

9. Dare we hazard a few crude conjectures as to the details of this growth? After the “flight of ages,”

when the birds had emerged from the state of monstrosity, each raw singer having chanted continuously his individual tonic, there came a time when they must take a long step forward and enter the world of song. In the vast multitude of feathered creatures there must have been an endless variety of forms and sizes, and a proportionate variety in the pitch and quality of their voices.

10. Day to day, year to year, each bird had heard his fellows squall, squawk, screech, or scream their individual tones, till in due time he detected here and there in the tremendous chorus certain tones that had a special affinity for his own. This affinity, strengthened by endless repetitions, at last made an exchange of tones natural and easy. This accomplished, the bondage of monotony and chaos was broken forever, and progress assured; the first strain of the marvellous harmony of the future was sounded, the song of the birds was begun. One can almost hear those rude, rising geniuses exercising their voices with increased fervor, pushing on up the glad way of liberty and melody.

11. To say that the music of the birds is similar in structure to our own, is not to say that they use no intervals less than our own. They do this, and I am well aware that not all of their music can be written. Many of their rhythmical and melodic performances are difficult of comprehension, to say nothing of com-

mitting them to paper. The song of the bobolink is an instance in point.

12. Indeed, one cannot listen to any singing-bird without hearing something inimitable and indescribable. Who shall attempt a description of the tremolo in the song of the meadow lark, the graceful shading and sliding of the tones of the thrushes? But these ornaments, be they never so profuse, are not the sum and substance of bird-songs; and it is in the solid body of the song that we find the relationship to our own music.

13. The songs of many of the birds may be detected as readily as the melodies of "Ortonville," and "Rock of Ages." In passing, one morning last summer, I heard a chewink sing the first strain of the beautiful old conference-meeting tune last named. Though I have never heard any other chewink sing that strain, it was a chewink that sang then, affording startling proof of the variation in the singing of the same birds.

14. The chickadees sing a few long tones in the most deliberate manner; and nothing this side of heaven is purer. I do not refer to their chick-a-dee-dee-dee chat, though they sometimes connect that with their singing. The chickadee and the wood-peewee have the most devout of all the bird-songs I have heard.

15. Conjecture as we may concerning the growth and development of birds and bird-songs, we know that the birds now sing in a wonderful manner, using

all the intervals of the major and minor scales in perfection of intonation, with a purity of voice and finish of execution, with an exquisiteness of melody, a magnetic and spiritual charm appurtenant to no other music on earth.

16. The horse neighs, the lion roars, the tiger growls,—the world is full of vocal sounds; only the birds sing. They are Nature's finest artists, whose lives and works are above the earth. They have not learned of us; it is our delight to learn of them. To no other living things are man's mind and heart so greatly indebted.

17. Myriads of these beautiful creatures, journeying thousands of miles over oceans and continents, much of the way by night—to avoid murderers!—return, unfailing as the spring, prompt even to the day and hour, to build their cunning nests and rear their young in our orchards and dooryards, to delight us with their beauty and grace of movement, and above, far above all, to pour over the world the glory of their song. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

SIMEON PEASE CHENEY.

KEY TO CHAPTER SECOND.

PROGRESSIVENESS.

EVERY good piece of literary composition is like a river in its flow. The stream deepens as it moves onward, and it deepens in just the ratio of the number and size of its tributaries. So is it with good literature; as the theme continues, it is enriched by new and added thoughts. As the speaker proceeds, and new thoughts and illustrations enter the mind, the expression deepens.

All progress is inward. Progress in speaking is not always shown by increased emphasis or a louder voice; nor by higher pitch, or more rapid utterance; nor by lower pitch and graver tones. These and other forms of speech will appear, as the thought varies in its onward course; but all the forms of expression that appear to the senses in true progressiveness, arise from the fact that each added thought is contemplated, either consciously or unconsciously, on the part of the speaker, in the light of all the thoughts that have preceded it.

A brief illustration may be taken from the Old Clock, by Longfellow.

Without progressiveness each line will be but a repetition, in manner of expression, of all the other lines. I will mark a stanza for inflection of voice, and thereby show how change of pitch alone may manifest progressiveness. Then take into consideration that a great number of changes of voice can take place by which to express progressiveness, such as volume, force, quality and form, with their numberless combinations, and it will be seen that the resources of a trained voice and mind for manifesting progressiveness of thought are measureless.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall
An ancient time-piece says to all :

“ Fōrēver — nēver !
Nēver — fōrēver ! ”

One may easily get at my meaning if he will simply, after each successive falling inflection which I have marked, allow the voice to continue on a somewhat lower pitch, and notice the effect. He will perceive an increase of impressiveness. Then contrast it with bringing the voice back to the same pitch after each inflection. By the latter practice he will discover a

slight "sing-song" or chanting effect in the voice. In this manner each statement is given just like the previous one, and consequently no progress is made.

I would not guide expression by inflections, for that would make a very mechanical speaker. Thought should guide inflection, but inflection should not overrule thought. Nevertheless, even by mechanics one is enabled to perceive an illustration of the principle of progressiveness.

The thought of the "country seat" is contained in the first statement, then the poplar-tree casting its shadow on the portico is viewed in the light of the country seat, from which it derives character and consequently added color of expression. The clock in the hall conveys an idea in itself, but this idea is enriched by all that has been said before; hence, "ancient time-piece" is the most impressive of all the expressions thus far. There would be some value in the thought of an ancient time-piece when taken by itself alone, but it would be little if it were not associated in the mind with the country seat and its belongings, from which it derives its great importance. The thought in the expression "ancient time-piece" is deeper than it is in the previous statements because it contains what has been expressed in them in addition to its own intrinsic value.

Answered - Low

Answered - High

Form

in the - High

a) hythm

b) Rhyme

c) Enunciation - Phrasing

d) Enunciation -

e) Diction -

f) Progressiveness.

7. Action

8. Tintre

Higher

Form

CHAPTER II.

PROGRESSIVENESS.

They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.—ISAIAH.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

I.

“ How does the water
 Come down at Lodore ? ”
My little boy asked me
 Thus, once on a time ;
And, moreover, he tasked me
 To tell him in rhyme.

II.

Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
 And then came another,
To second and third
 The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
 As many a time
They had seen it before.

III.

So I told them in rhyme —
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the king.

IV.

From its sources, which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.

V.

And thence, at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-sheiter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
 Hurry-skurry.

VI.

Here it comes sparkling, /
 And there it lies darkling; ²
 Now smoking and frothing ³
 In tumult and wrath in, ⁴
 Till, in this rapid race /
 On which it is bent,
 It reaches the place ²
 Of its steep descent. ⁴

VII.

² The cataract strong
³ Then plunges along,
⁷ Striking and raging,
¹ As if a war waging
² Its caverns and rocks among;
¹ Rising and leaping,
² Sinking and creeping,
³ Swelling and sweeping,
² Showering and springing,
¹ Flying and flinging,
³ Writhing and ringing,

C

VIII.

² Eddying and whisking,
³ Spouting and frisking,
⁷ Turning and twisting,
¹ Around and around
³ With endless rebound;

✓ Smiting and fighting,
 ✓ A sight to delight in ;
 ✓ Confounding, astounding,
 ✓ Dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound.

IX.

Collecting, projecting,
 ✓ Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And hitting and splitting,

X.

✓ And shining and twining,
 ✓ And rattling and battling,
 ✓ And shaking and quaking,
 ✓ And pouring and roaring,
 ✓ And waving and raving,
 ✓ And tossing and crossing,
 ✓ And flowing and going,

XI.

✓ And running and stunning,
 ✓ And foaming and roaming,
 ✓ And dinning and spinning,
 ✓ And dropping and hopping,

4 And working and jerking,
 4 And guggling and struggling,
 5 And heaving and cleaving,
 6 And moaning and groaning,

xii.

7 And glittering and frittering,
 2 And gathering and feathering,
 2 And whitening and brightening,
 3 And quivering and shivering,
 2 And hurrying and skurrying,
 3 And thundering and floundering;

xiii.

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And chattering and battering and shattering;

xiv.

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,

XV.

And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE DEATH OF COPERNICUS.

1. AT length he draws near his end. He is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on "The Revolutions of the Heavenly Orbs" to his friends for publication. The day at last has come on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the 24th of May, 1543.

2. On that day—the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind, operating upon an exhausted frame—an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour has come; he lies stretched upon the couch from which he will never rise.

3. The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber; near his bedside is the

armillary sphere which he has contrived to represent his theory of the heavens ; his picture painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him ; beneath it are his astrolabe and other imperfect astronomical instruments ; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples.

4. The door of the apartment opens ; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters : it is a friend who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that has ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers ; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world has acknowledged for a thousand years ; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations ; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion in to the service against him ; but he knows that his book is true.

5. He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth as his dying bequest to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the preeious volume, and he may behold it once more before his eye grows dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires.

6. But no, he is not wholly gone. A smile lights up his dying countenance ; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye ; his lips move ; and the friend who leans over him, can hear him faintly murmur the

beautiful sentiments which the Christian lyrist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse :

“ Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night;
And thou, effulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts where I shall reign with God.”

So died the great Columbus of the heavens.

EDWARD EVERETT.

EXILE OF THE ACADIANS.

1.

PLEASANTLY rose one morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.

II.

Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighboring hamlets,
Come in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.

III.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.

IV.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil, the blacksmith.

V.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the
bee-hives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts
and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on
his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from
the embers.

VI.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the
meadows ;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled among
them.

VII.

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons
sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a
drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in
the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves and hung
on the head-stones

Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the
forest.

VIII.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly
among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and
casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the
soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of
the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal com-
mission.

IX.

“ You are convened this day,” he said, “ by his Majesty’s
orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have
answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my
temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be
grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our
monarch;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of
all kinds,

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from
this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell
there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's
pleasure!"

x.

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the
hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his
windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from
the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the
speaker.

xi.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then
rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the
doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce im-
precations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the
heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil, the
blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

XII.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and
wildly he shouted,—

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have
sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes
and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a
soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the
pavement.

XIII.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the
altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into
silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people:

XIV.

“What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has
seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and
taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and
privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgive-
ness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?"

xv.

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak;

And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE MUSICIANS.

I.

THE strings of my heart were strung by Pleasure,
And I laughed when the music fell on my ear;
For he and Mirth played a joyful measure,
And they played so loud that I could not hear
The wailing and mourning of souls a-weary,
The strains of sorrow that sighed around;
The notes of my heart sang blithe and cheery,
And I heard no other sound.

II.

Mirth and Pleasure, the music brothers,
Played louder and louder in joyful glee,

But sometimes a discord was heard by others,
 Though only the rhythm was heard by me.
 Louder and louder and faster and faster,
 The hands of those brothers played strain on strain,
 Till, all of a sudden a mighty master
 Swept them aside, and Pain,

III.

Pain, the musician, the soul refiner,
 Restrung the strings of my quivering heart;
 And the air that he played was a plaintive minor,
 So sad that the tear-drops were forced to start.
 Each note was an echo of awful anguish,
 As shrill as solemn, as sad as slow,
 And my soul for a season seemed to languish
 And faint with its weight of woe.

IV.

With skilful hands that were never weary,
 This master of music played strain on strain;
 And between the bars of the miserere
 He drew up the strings of my heart again.
 And I was filled with a vague, strange wonder
 To see that they did not break in two;
 "They are drawn so tight they will snap asunder,"
 I thought, but instead they grew,

V.

In the hands of the Master, firmer and stronger,
 And I could hear on the still air,
 Now my ears were deafened by mirth no longer,
 To sounds of sorrow, and grief, and despair.

And my soul grew tender and kind to others;
My nature grew sweeter, my mind grew broad,
And I held all men to be my brothers,
Linked by the chastening rod.

VI.

My soul was lifted to God and heaven,
And when on my heart-strings fell again
The hands of Mirth and Pleasure, even,
There was no discord to mar the strain.
For Pain, the musician, the soul refiner,
Attuned the strings with a master hand,
And whether the music be major or minor,
It is always sweet and grand.

THE STORY OF THE CABLE.

1. THERE is a faith so expansive and a hope so elastic that a man having them will keep on believing and hoping till all danger is passed, and victory is sure. When I talk across an ocean three thousand miles, with my friends on the other side of it, and feel that I may know any hour of the day if all goes well with them, I think with gratitude of the immense energy and perseverance of that one man, Cyrus W. Field, who spent so many years of his life in perfecting a

communication second only in importance to the discovery of this country.

2. The story of his patient striving during all that stormy period is one of the noblest records of American enterprise, and only his own family know the whole of it. It was a long, hard struggle ! Thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil ! Think what that enthusiast accomplished by his untiring energy. He made fifty voyages across the Atlantic, and when everything looked darkest for his enterprise, his courage never flagged for an instant. He must have suffered privations and dangers manifold. Think of him in those gloomy periods, pacing the decks of ships on dark, stormy nights, in mid-ocean, or wandering in the desolate forests of Newfoundland in pelting rains, comfortless and forlorn.

3. I saw him in 1858, immediately after the first cable had ceased to throb. Public excitement had grown wild over the mysterious working of those flashing wires, and when they stopped speaking the reaction was intense. Stockholders, as well as the public generally, grew exasperated and suspicious ; unbelievers sneered at the whole project, and called the telegraph a hoax from the beginning. They declared that never a message had passed through the unresponsive wires, and that Cyrus Field was a liar ! The odium cast upon him was boundless. He was the butt and the by-word of his time.

4. It was at this moment I saw him, and I well

remember how cowardly I acted, and how courageous he appeared! I scarcely dared to face the man who had encountered such an overwhelming disappointment, and who was suffering such a terrible disgrace. But when we met, and I saw how he rose to the occasion, and did not abate one jot of heart or hope, I felt that this man was indeed master of the situation, and would yet silence the hosts of doubters who were thrusting their darts into his sensitive spirit. Eight years more he endured the odium of failure, but still kept plowing across the Atlantic, flying from city to city, soliciting capital, holding meetings, and forcing down the most colossal discouragement.

5. At last day dawned again, and another cable was paid out, this time from the deck of the Great Eastern. Twelve hundred miles of it were laid down, and the ship was just lifting her head to a stiff breeze, then springing up, when, without a moment's warning, the cable suddenly snapped short off and plunged into the sea. Says the published account of this great disaster:

“Mr. Field came from the companion-way into the saloon, and observed with admirable composure, though his lip quivered and his cheek was white, ‘The cable has parted, and has gone from the reel overboard! ’ ”

Nine days and nights they dragged the bottom of the sea for this lost treasure, and though they grappled it three times, they could not bring it to the surface.

6. In that most eloquent speech made by Mr. Field at the Chamber of Commerce banquet in New York,

one of the most touching recitals on record, he said: "We returned to England defeated, but full of resolution to begin the battle anew." And this time his energy was greater even than before. In five months another cable was shipped on board the Great Eastern, and this time, by the blessing of Heaven, the wires were stretched, unharmed, from continent to continent.

7. Then came that never-to-be-forgotten search, in four ships, for the lost cable. In the bows of one of these vessels stood Cyrus Field, day and night, in storm and fog, squall and calm, intently watching the quiver of the grapnel that was dragging two miles down on the bottom of the deep.

8. At length, on the last night of August, a little before midnight, the spirit of this brave man was rewarded. I shall here quote his own words, as none others could possibly convey so well the thrilling interest of that hour. He says: "All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when the cable was brought over the bow and on to the deck, that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel it, to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electrician's room, to see if our long-sought treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free.

9. "Then the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man,

and was heard down in the engine-rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then, with thankful hearts, we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind rose, and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic.

10. "Yet, in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electrician's room, a flash of light came up from the deep, which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean, telling me that those so dear to me, whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson, were well, and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea, bidding me keep heart and hope."

11. And now, after all those thirteen years of almost superhuman struggle, and that one moment of almost superhuman victory, I think we may safely include Cyrus W. Field among the masters of the situation.

JAMES T. FIELD.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

I.

IN a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate, and fibres tender ;
Waving, when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it.
But no foot of man e'er trod that way ;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

II.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain : ✓
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees ;
Only grew and waved its wild, sweet way,
None ever came to note it day by day.

III.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,

Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.
Oh the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh the agony! Oh life's bitter cost
Since that useless little fern was lost!

IV.

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

MARY LYDIA BOLLES.

VALUE OF THE UNION.

1. I PROFESS, Sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That

Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life.

2. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings ; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

3. I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

— 4. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the

veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States, dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

5. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart,— "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

DANIEL WEBSTER.

KEY TO CHAPTER THIRD.

SELF-COMMAND.

SELF-COMMAND in oratory, is shown by the surrender of every agent of the speaker to the truth. The orator manifests a reliance on the power of truth. He appears to have an unquestioning faith that truth will prevail when presented.

Such a manner implies a trust in the audience. An apparent confidence in the nobility of the natures and the purity of the hearts of those addressed, brings them into vital sympathy with the speaker.

He that is commanded by truth is self-commanded. There is a sweet joy manifested by the orator when he feels the certainty that the truth "runs and is glorified." It appears as if the orator had taken himself away, that the channel, through which the truth courses from its infinite source into ready hearts, might be clear.

... and we turned to a
new way & we could then
not let him live.

CHAPTER III.

SELF-COMMAND.

A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.—ST. JAMES.

SPEECH IN REPLY TO HAYNE.

1. THE gentleman, Sir, in declining to postpone the debate, told the Senate, with the emphasis of his hand upon his heart, that there was something rankling *here*, which he wished to relieve. (Mr. Hayne rose, and disclaimed having used the word *rankling*.) It would not, Mr. President, be safe for the honorable member to appeal to those around him, upon the question whether he did in fact make use of that word. But he may have been unconscious of it. At any rate, it is enough that he disclaims it.

2. But still, with or without the use of that particular word, he had yet something *here*, he said, of which he wished to rid himself by an immediate reply. In this respect, Sir, I have a great advantage over the honorable gentleman. There is nothing *here*, Sir,

which gives me the slightest uneasiness; neither fear, nor anger, nor that which is sometimes more troublesome than either, the consciousness of having been in the wrong. There is nothing, either originating *here*, or now received here by the gentleman's shot. Nothing originating here, for I had not the slightest feeling of unkindness towards the honorable member.

3. Some passages, it is true, had occurred since our acquaintance in this body, which I could have wished might have been otherwise; but I had used philosophy and forgotten them. I paid the honorable member the attention of listening with respect to his first speech; and when he sat down, though surprised, and I must even say astonished, at some of his opinions, nothing was farther from my intention than to commence any personal warfare. Through the whole of the few remarks I made in answer, I avoided, studiously and carefully, every thing which I thought possible to be construed into disrespect. And, Sir, while there is thus nothing originating *here* which I have wished at any time, or now wish, to discharge, I must repeat also, that nothing has been received *here* which *rankles*, or in any way gives me annoyance.

4. I will not accuse the honorable member of violating the rules of civilized war; I will not say that he poisoned his arrows. But whether his shafts were, or were not, dipped in that which would have caused rankling if they had reached their destination, there was not, as it happened, quite strength enough in the

bow to bring them to their mark. If he wishes now to gather up those shafts, he must look for them elsewhere; they will not be found fixed and quivering in the object at which they were aimed.

5. The honorable member complained that I had slept on his speech. I did sleep on the gentleman's speech, and slept soundly. And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday, to which I am now replying. It is quite possible that in this respect, also, I possess some advantage over the honorable member, attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part; for, in truth, I slept upon his speeches remarkably well.

6. He proceeded to ask me whether I had turned upon him, in this debate, from the consciousness that I should find an overmatch if I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri. Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a Senate, a Senate of equals, of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters, we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions.

7. But, Sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each

his part, to one the attack, to another the cry of onset; or if it be thought that, by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any, or all these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, I hope on no occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper.

8. But, Sir, the Coalition! The Coalition! Ay, "the murdered Coalition!" The gentleman asks, if I were led or frightened into this debate by the spectre of the Coalition. "Was it the ghost of the murdered Coalition," he exclaims, "which haunted the member from Massachusetts; and which, like the ghost of Banquo, would never down?" "The murdered Coalition!" Sir, this charge of a coalition, in reference to the late administration, is not original with the honorable member. It did not spring up in the Senate. Whether as a fact, as an argument, or as an embellishment, it is all borrowed. He adopts it, indeed, from a very low origin, and a still lower present condition. It is one of the thousand calumnies with which the press teemed, during an exciting political canvas.

9. But, Sir, the honorable member was not, for other reasons, entirely happy in his allusion to the story of Banquo's murder and Banquo's ghost. It was not, I think, the friends, but the enemies of the

murdered Banquo, at whose bidding his spirit would not *down*. The honorable gentleman is fresh in his reading of the English classics, and can put me right if I am wrong; but, according to my poor recollection, it was at those who had begun with caresses and ended with foul and treacherous murder that the gory locks were shaken. The ghost of Banquo, like that of Hamlet, was an honest ghost. It disturbed no innocent man. It knew where its appearance would strike terror, and who would cry out, "A Ghost!" It made itself visible in the right quarter, and compelled the guilty and the conscience-smitten, and none others, to start, with,

"Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo —
If I stand here, I saw him!"

10. Their eyeballs were seared (was it not so, Sir?) who had thought to shield themselves by concealing their own hand, and laying the imputation of the crime on a low and hireling agency in wickedness; who had vainly attempted to stifle the workings of their own coward consciences, by ejaculating, through white lips and chattering teeth, "Thou canst not say I did it!" I have misread the great Poet if those who had no way partaken in the deed of the death either found that they were, or feared that they should be, pushed from their stools by the ghost of the slain, or exclaimed to a spectre created by their own fears and their own remorse, "Avaunt! and quit our sight!"

11. There is another particular, Sir, in which the honorable member's quick perception of resemblances might, I should think, have seen something in the story of Banquo, making it not altogether a subject of the most pleasant contemplation. Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it? Substantial good? Permanent power? Or disappointment, rather, and sore mortification; dust and ashes — the common fate of vaulting ambition overleaping itself? Did not even-handed justice ere long commend the poisoned chalice to their own lips? Did they not soon find that for another they had “filed their mind?” that their ambition, though apparently for the moment successful, had but put a barren sceptre in their grasp? Ay, Sir,

“a barren sceptre in their grip,
Thence to be wrench'd by an unlineal hand,
No son of theirs succeeding.”

12. Sir, I need pursue the allusion no further. I leave the honorable gentleman to run it out at his leisure, and to derive from it all the gratification it is calculated to administer. If he finds himself pleased with the associations, and prepared to be quite satisfied though the parallel should be entirely completed, I had almost said I am satisfied also; but that I shall think of. Yes, Sir, I will think of that.

13. In the course of my observations the other day, Mr. President, I paid a passing tribute of respect to a

very worthy man, Mr. Dane, of Massachusetts. It so happened that he drew the Ordinance of 1787, for the government of the Northwestern Territory. A man of so much ability, and so little pretence; of so great a capacity to do good, and so unmixed a disposition to do it for its own sake; a gentleman who had acted an important part, forty years ago, in a measure the influence of which is still deeply felt in the very matter which was the subject of debate, might, I thought, receive from me a commendatory recognition.

14. But the honorable member was inclined to be facetious on the subject. He was rather disposed to make it matter of ridicule, that I had introduced into the debate the name of one Nathan Dane, of whom he assures us he had never before heard. Sir, if the honorable member had never before heard of Mr. Dane, I am sorry for it. It shows him less acquainted with the public men of the country than I had supposed. Let me tell him, however, that a sneer from him at the mention of the name of Mr. Dane is in bad taste. It may well be a mark of ambition, Sir, either with the honorable gentleman or myself, to accomplish as much to make our names known to advantage, and remembered with gratitude, as Mr. Dane has accomplished.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

ABSALOM.

I.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.

II.

How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

III.

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and had not felt
That he could see his people until now.

They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words ; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.

IV.

Oh ! when the heart is full — when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor, common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery — how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !

V.

He prayed for Israel ; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield ; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But oh ! for Absalom —
For his estranged, misguided Absalom —
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him — for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

VI.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straitened for the grave ; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.

His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels, as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.

VII.

His helm was at his feet ; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him ; and the jeweled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.

VIII.

The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle ; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang ; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead.

IX.

The king stood still
Till the last echo died ; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe :

X.

“ Alas ! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die !
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair !
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair.
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb —
 My proud boy, Absalom !

XI.

“ Cold is thy brow, my son ! and I am chill,
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
 And hear thy sweet ‘ *My father !* ’ from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom !

XII.

“ The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music, and the voices of the young ;
 And life shall pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ;
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom !

XIII.

“ And, oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !
 It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom !

XIV.

“And now, farewell ! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee—
And thy dark sin ! — oh, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom !”

XV.

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child ; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

N. P. WILLIS.

ZENOBLA'S AMBITION.

1. I AM charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved any thing great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious ? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it ? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but

of the East. That I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra?

2. I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less. But why pause here? Is so much ambition praiseworthy, and more criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt, on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine, on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win?

3. Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, and I swear not that the Mediterranean shall hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longi'nus is right,—I would that the world were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

4. Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask, nor fear the answer. Whom have I wronged? What province have I oppressed? What city pillaged? What region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I trespassed upon? I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not

more over you than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more power, than love.

5. Suppose now, my ambition add another province to our realm. Is it an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal Odena'tus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market.

6. This is no vain boasting:—receive it not so, good friends. It is but truth. He who traduces himself, sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and will bear it.

7. But I have spoken, that you may know your queen,—not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you then that I am ambitious,—that I crave dominion, and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I

love it. But I strive, too,—you can bear me witness that I do,—that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

WILLIAM WARE.

COLUMBUS FIRST DISCOVERS LAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

1. THE breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the head from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on a high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch.

2. About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be

some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared.

3. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

4. They continued their course until in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail, and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

5. The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

6. It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man at such a moment, or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man.

7. But what were its inhabitants? were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian Sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies?

8. A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of oriental civilization.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CATILINE AND AURELIA.

Catiline. I will abandon Rome,— give back her scorn
With tenfold scorn : break up all league with her,—
All memories. I will not breathe her air,
Nor warm me with her fire, nor let my bones
Mix with her sepulchres. The oath is sworn.

Aurelia. Hear me, Lord Catiline :
The day we wedded,— 'tis but three short years !
You were the first patrician here,— and I
Was Marius' daughter ! There was not in Rome
An eye, however haughty, but would sink
When *I* turned on it : when I pass'd the streets
My chariot wheel was follow'd by a host
Of your chief senators ; as if their gaze
Beheld an empress on its golden round ;
An earthly providence !

Catiline. 'Twas so ! — 'twas so !
But it is vanished — gone.

Aurelia. By yon bright sun !
That day shall come again ; or, in its place,
One that shall be an era to the world !

Catiline. What's in your thoughts ?

Aurelia. Our high and hurried life
Has left us strangers to each other's souls :
But now we think alike. You have a sword,—
Have had a famous name i' the legions !

Catiline. Hush !

Aurelia. Have the walls ears ? Great Jove ! I wish
they had ;
And tongues too, to bear witness to my oath,
And tell it to all Rome.

Catiline. Would you destroy?

Aurelia. Were I a thunderbolt!

Rome's ship is rotten :

Has she not cast you out ; and would you sink
 With her, when she can give you no gain else
 Of her fierce fellowship ? Who'd seek the chain
 That link'd him to his mortal enemy ?
 Who'd face the pestilence in his foe's house ?
 Who, when the prisoner drinks by chance the cup,
 That was to be his death, would squeeze the dregs
 To find a drop to bear him company ?

Catiline. It will not come to this.

Aurelia. Shall we be dragg'd
 A show to all the city rabble ;— robb'd —
 Down to the very mantle on our backs, —
 A pair of branded beggars ! Doubtless Cicero —

Catiline. Curs'd be the ground he treads !
 Name him no more.

Aurelia. Doubtless he'll see us to the city gates ;
 'Twill be the least respect that he can pay
 To his fallen rival. Do you hear, my lord ?
 Deaf as the rock (*aside*). With all his lictors shouting,
 " Room for the noble vagrants ; all caps off
 For Catiline ! for him that would be consul."

Catiline. Thus to be, like the scorpion, ringed with
 fire,

Till I sting my own heart ! (*aside*). There is no hope !

Aurelia. One hope there is, worth all the rest —
 revenge !

The time is harrass'd, poor, and discontent ;
 Your spirit practised, keen, and desperate, —

The senate full of feuds,— the city vexed
With petty tyranny,— the legions wronged —
Catiline. Yet who has stirred ?

Woman, you paint the air
With passion's pencil.

Aurelia. Were my will a sword !

Catiline. Hear me, bold heart ! The whole gross blood
of Rome

Could not atone my wrongs ! I'm soul-shrunk, sick,
Weary of man ! And now my mind is fix'd
For Libya : there to make companionship
Rather of bear and tiger,— of the snake,—
The lion in his hunger,— than of man !

Aurelia. Were my tongue thunder — I would cry,
Revenge !

Catiline. No more of this !

In, to your chamber, wife !
There is a whirling lightness in my brain
That will not now bear questioning.— Away ! [Exit
Aurelia.

I feel a nameless pressure on my brow,
As if the heavens were thick with sudden gloom ;
A shapeless consciousness, as if some blow
Were hanging o'er my head. They say such thoughts
Partake of prophecy. [He stands at the casement.
This air is living sweetness. Golden sun,
Shall I be like thee yet ? The clouds have past—
And, like some mighty victor, he returns
To his red city in the west, that now
Spreads all her gates, and lights her torches up,
In triumph for her glorious conquerer.

G. CROLY.

KEY TO CHAPTER FOURTH.

FORESIGHT.

FORESIGHT as applied to oratory, is a leading of the mind of the hearer onward from the certainty of the truth already presented, to an anticipation of still greater things to be revealed hereafter. “Two truths are told, as happy prologues to the swelling act of the imperial theme.” “Glamis, thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be what thou art promised.” In all true oratory, there is always this anticipation, this looking forward for more than has been revealed. The audience should be left, at the close of a speech, with the feeling that that which has been said is only an introduction to that which the orator could and would reveal, if time and opportunity permitted him to do so.

By the use of this principle, the deepest interest is awakened and maintained in the mind of the audience, together with the disposition to pursue the subject further.

If all clergymen obeyed this law we should never hear complaints of long sermons, even though the preacher dwelt on his “sixteenthly,” and then con-

tinued with his "improvement," as he did two or three generations since, even when the mercury was at zero because of no fire in the meeting-house, except that of the living word.

Many speakers, who would otherwise be successful, are failures because whatever they say has the atmosphere, emphasis, and color of voice which seem to say, "there is so much, and no more, and herein I tell it all to you. You are now acquainted with all the truth the statement contains. There the truth begins, and here it ends."

This law of *foresight* is a fascinating power which Shakespeare understood when he put it into the mouth of Lady Macbeth to say to her husband, when she would lead him to do that which she feared the "milk of human kindness" in his nature would prevent his executing, "Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!"

The expression of foresight is not given by means of words only, but by the manner in which their meaning is expressed through voice, look, bearing, attitude, and movement; all of which continually seem to say, "these utterances are only as 'a few drops before a more plentiful shower.'"

CHAPTER IV.

FORESIGHT.

Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, reaching forth unto those things which are before.—PHILLIPIANS.

TOUSSAINT'S LAST STRUGGLES FOR HAYTI.

1. It was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the world was represented in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and, with a single stroke of his pen, reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his council, "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said, "Give it to us."

2. Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand. He has saved you this island; for I know of my own knowledge that when the republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III. offered him any title and any revenue if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused, and saved it for France."

3. Napoleon turned away from his council, and is said to have remarked, "I have sixty thousand republican soldiers: I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the faces of sixty thousand republican soldiers: I must give them some work at a distance to do." He resolved to crush Toussaint, and sent against him an army, giving to General Leclerc thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to re-introduce slavery.

4. Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before, Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe,—soldiers who had scaled the pyramids and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla,

let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Cristophe, exclaimed: "All France is come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life, — his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

5. Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make;" and he was obeyed.

6. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to ocean;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

7. It is true, the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But, remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to reduce freemen to slavery with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first

struggle to gain his freedom he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own, though even now he refused to be cruel.

8. Leclerc sent word to Cristophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Cristophe said, "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town and fight over its ashes."

9. Leclerc landed. Cristophe took two thousand white men, women, and children, and carried them to the mountains for safety, then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. Wherever they went they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the Marseilles Hymn, and the French stood still; they could not fight the Marseillaise. And it was not till their officers sabred them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten.

10. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells

you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They cheated every one of his officers except Cristophe and two others, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years,—could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the island should be free.

11. As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw opposite Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?"—"I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply.

12. He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming, when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; he went, and the moment he entered the room the officers drew their swords and told him he was prisoner.

13. They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight he

turned to the captain and said, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up."

14. He was sent to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high up on one side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In this living tomb the child of the sunny tropic was left to die.

15. From the moment he was betrayed the negroes began to doubt the French, and rushed to arms. Then flashed forth that defying courage and sublime endurance which show how alike all races are when tried in the same furnace. The war went on. Napoleon sent over thirty thousand more soldiers. But disaster still followed their efforts. What the sword did not devour the fever ate up. They were chased from battle-field to battle-field, from fort to fort, and finally the French commander begged the British admiral to cover the remnant of his troops with the English flag, and the generous negroes suffered the invaders to embark undisturbed.

16. Hayti is become a civilized state, the seventh nation in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Foreign merchants trust her courts as willingly as they do our own. Toussaint made her what she is.

17. In this work there was grouped around him a

score of men, mostly of pure negro blood, who ably seconded his efforts. Toussaint was indisputably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance,—these are the tests. He did plant a state so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

I.

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing !
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring ?
“ We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

II.

“ We have swept o'er the cities in song renowned ;
Silent they lie, with the deserts around,
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled
All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome.”

III.

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam ?

“ We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o’ershadowing the banquet-hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drop spilt;
Naught looks the same save the nest we built ! ”

IV.

O joyous birds, it hath still been so ;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempests go !
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o’er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the peasant’s cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot ?

V.

“ A change we have found there — and many a change !
Faces and footsteps, and all things strange
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played ;
Naught looks the same, save the nest we made ! ”

VI.

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o’er-sweep it, in power and mirth !
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair ?
Ye over desert and deep have passed ;
So we may reach our bright home at last.

MRS. HEMANS.

ECCLESIASTES XII.

1. REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them ;

2. While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain :

3. In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

4. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low ;

5. Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets :

6. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

13. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

14. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

1. LET us rejoice that we behold this day. Let us be thankful that we have lived to see the bright and happy breaking of the auspicious morn, which commences the third century of the history of New England. Auspicious, indeed,—bringing a happiness beyond the common allotment of Providence to men,—full of present joy, and gilding with bright beams the prospect of futurity, is the dawn that awakens us to the commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims.

2. Living at an epoch which naturally marks the progress of the history of our native land, we have come hither to celebrate the great event with which that history commenced. Forever honored be this, the place of our fathers' refuge! Forever remembered the day which saw them, weary and distressed, broken

in everything but spirit, poor in all but faith and courage, at last secure from the dangers of wintry seas, and impressing this shore with the first footsteps of civilized man !

3. It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness with what is distant in place or time ; and, looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity. Human and mortal although we are, we are nevertheless not mere insulated beings without relation to the past or future. Neither the point of time, nor the spot of earth, in which we physically live, bounds our rational and intellectual enjoyments. We live in the past by a knowledge of its history ; and in the future by hope and anticipation.

4. By ascending to an association with our ancestors ; by contemplating their example and studying their character ; by partaking their sentiments, and imbibing their spirit ; by accompanying them in their toils, by sympathizing in their sufferings, and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs,— we seem to belong to their age, and to mingle our own existence with theirs. We become their contemporaries, live the lives which they lived, endure what they endured, and partake in the rewards which they enjoyed.

5. And in like manner, by running along the line of future time, by contemplating the probable fortunes of those who are coming after us, by attempting some-

thing which may promote their happiness, and leave some not dishonorable memorial of ourselves for their regard, when we shall sleep with the fathers, we protract our own earthly being, and seem to crowd whatever is future, as well as all that is past, into the narrow compass of our earthly existence.

6. As it is not a vain and false, but an exalted and religious, imagination which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb, which, amidst this universe of worlds, the Creator has given us to inhabit, and to send them with something of the feeling which nature prompts, and teaches to be proper among children of the same Eternal Parent, to the contemplation of the myriads of fellow-beings, with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space ; so neither is it false or vain to consider ourselves as interested and connected with our whole race, through all time ; allied to our ancestors ; allied to our posterity ; closely compacted on all sides with others ; ourselves being but links in the great chain of being which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present, and the future, and terminating at last, with the consummation of all things earthly, at the throne of God.

7. There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry which nourishes only a weak pride ; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings

of a low and grovelling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed ; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it.

8. Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to poetry, only because it is congenial to our nature. Poetry is in this respect, but the hand-maid of true philosophy and morality ; it deals with us as human beings, naturally reverencing those whose visible connection with this state of existence is severed, and who may yet exercise we know not what sympathy with ourselves ; and when it carries us forward, also, and shows us the long continued result of all the good we do, in the prosperity of those who follow us, till it bears us from ourselves, and absorbs us in an intense interest for what shall happen to the generation after us, it speaks only in the language of our nature, and affects us with sentiments which belong to us as human beings.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE MESSIAH.

I.

RAPT into future times, the bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descend the mystic dove.

II.

Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.

III.

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
Oh spring of light, auspicious Babe, be born !
See nature hastens her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring :
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance :

IV.

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.

V.

Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys rise;
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way;
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:

VI.

'Tis He the obstructed path of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From every face He wipes off every tear.
 In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

VII.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised Father of the future age.

VIII.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.

IX.

Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
 The swain, in barren deserts with surprise
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And start amid the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.

X.

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
 To leafless shrub, the flowering palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.

xi.

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowering bands the tiger lead ;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.

xii.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes !
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !

xiii.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs,
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

xiv.

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;

But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thine own Messiah reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

EACH CAN BEAR HIS OWN.

1. IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further in the motto of my paper, which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

2. As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden me-thought there was a proclama-

tion made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

3. There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying-glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

4. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another,

after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

5. There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy loaden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities.

6. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown

into the whole heap ; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded with myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

7. I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaden with his crimes ; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

8. When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle Spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying-glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask.

9. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length ; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves ; and all the contributions being now brought

in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

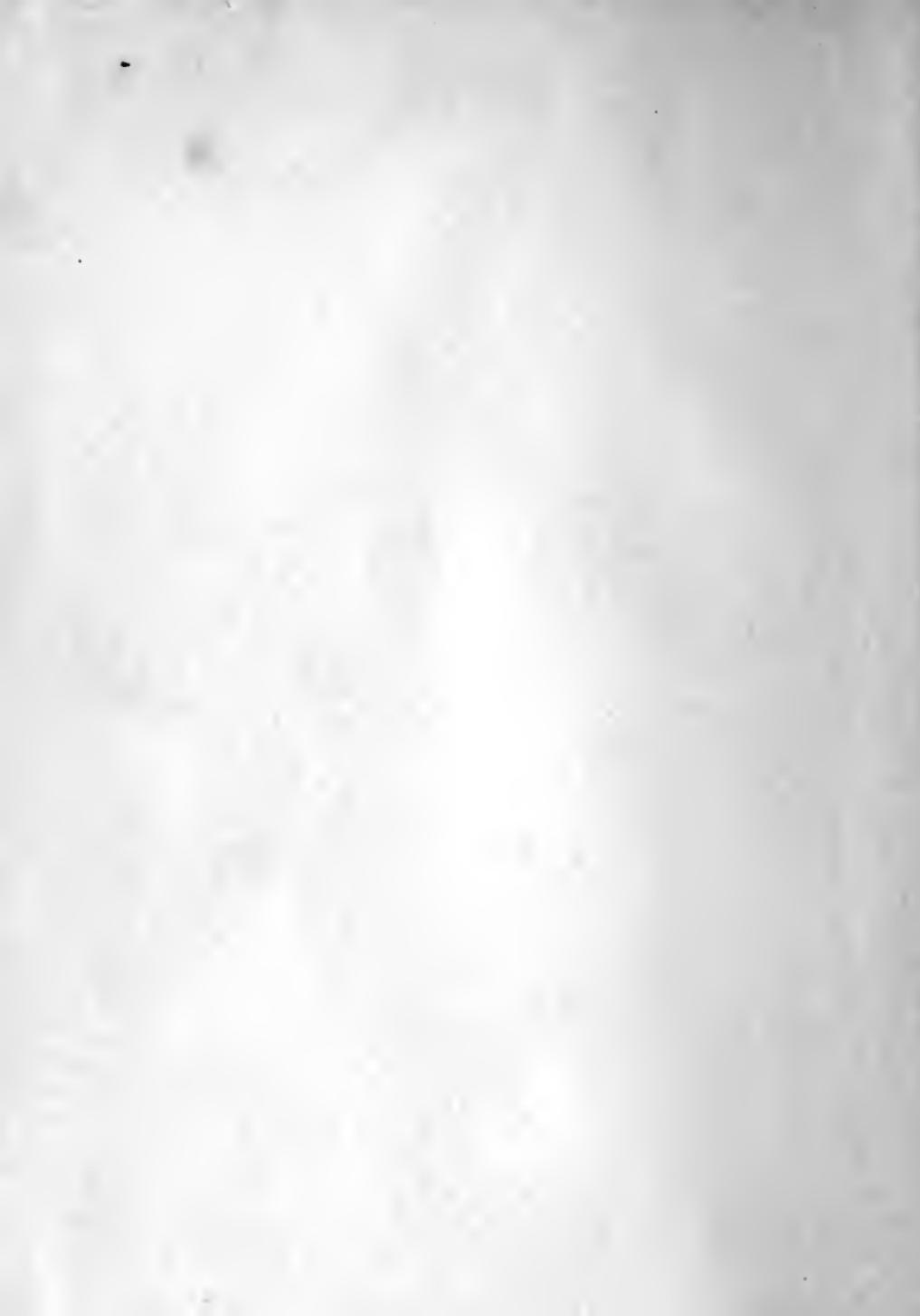
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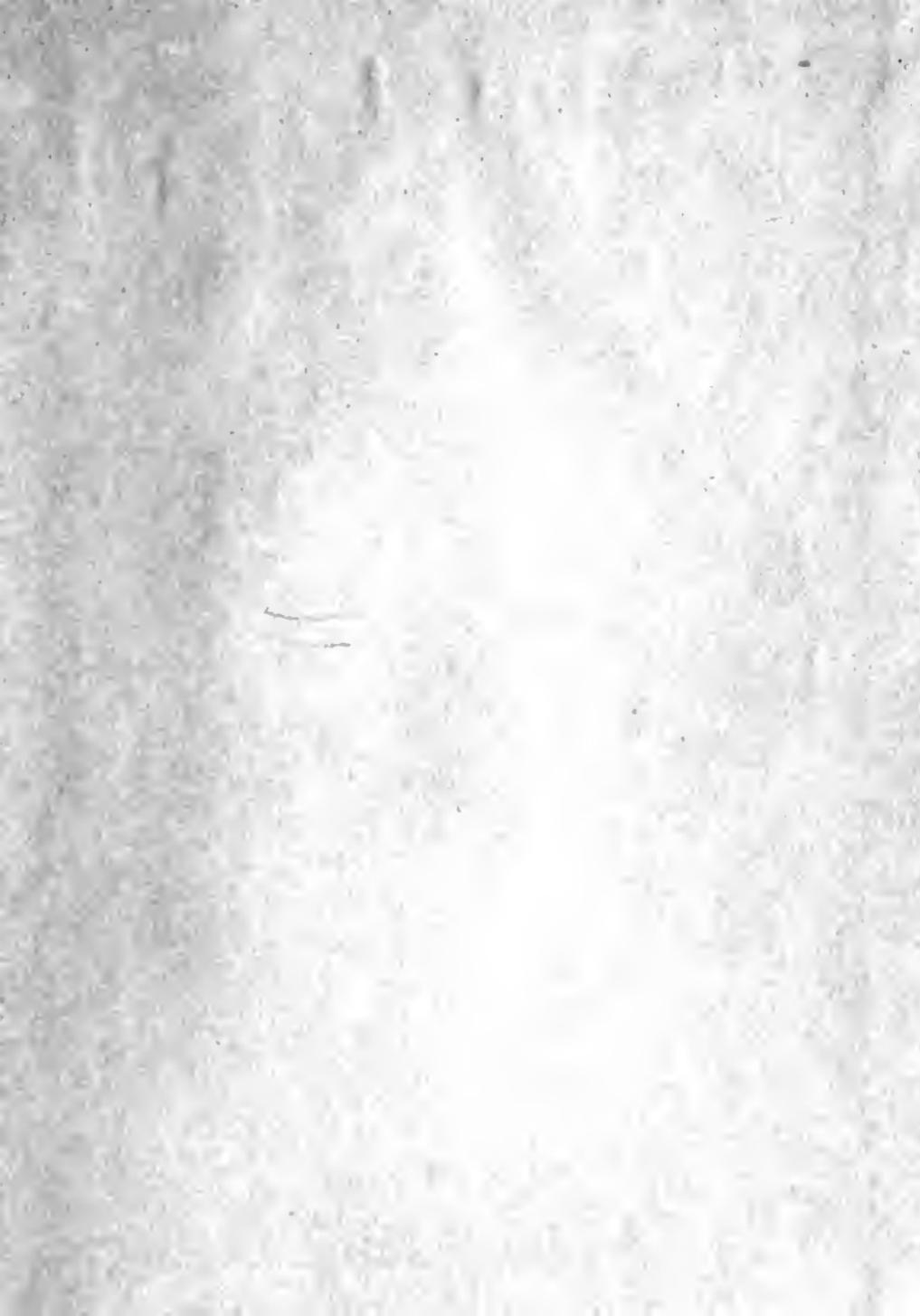
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